

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, November 13th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 3-10, 31-34: MARK xv. 20-23: LUKE xxiii. 26-33: JOHN xix. 16, 17: Judas repents and hangs himself. Jesus is led away to be crucified.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 152, 153.

Sunday, November 20th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 35-38: MARK xv. 24-28: LUKE xxiii. 33-38: JOHN xix. 18, 24: The crucifixion.

Recite.—S. C., 154, 155.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. LIV.

- C-ale-b . . . . . Joshua xiv. 6-11.
- A-gripp-a . . . . . Acts xxv. 23: xxvi. 28.
- R-ufu-s . . . . . Rom. xvi. 13.
- M-ano-a-h . . . . . Judges xiii. 2-15.
- E-z-r-a . . . . . Ezra vii. 11.
- L-aba-n . . . . . Gen. xxix. 14, 15.

CARMEL, 1 Kings xviii. 19-39. BASHAN, Deut. iii. 13.

BIBLE SCENES.

No. VIII.

Here are three stanzas each of which gives a picture of an event in the life of one of our Lord's disciples. Who was the man? Where is the narrative? What were the attendant circumstances here partially described?

Why does this grave and earnest man,  
Whose worth high office crowned,  
Seek thus by night such lowly place?  
To him 'tis sacred ground.  
His faith confessed, he questions here  
Truth at the fountain head,  
And listens to heart-piercing words,  
Which wake to life the dead.

Pass on two years, and see him now  
Sad mid a council round,  
Where fear, and hate, and baffled rage,  
Darken the faces round.  
Love gives him courage, and he pleads  
For justice to be heard,  
And meekly bears the taunt they fling  
In answer to his word.

A few months fleet, and perfect love  
Has cast out every fear;  
The faith of many faints, yet he  
At all cost presses near,  
With gifts to grace that much-loved form  
Then bear it to the grave:  
Let men revile and work their worst,  
His Lord is strong to save.

STRINGS OF S's.

The following literary curiosity is the work of a New England young lady. The story is an ingenious one and would appear to have pretty well exhausted all the sibilants of the language. Our young readers will be amused with the story as well as with the sentences:

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine, successively saw Simon's small shabby shop still standing staunch; saw Simon's self-same squeaking sign, still swinging, silently specifying, "Simon Short Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spy, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed skirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's stout, sturdy sons,—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Silas, Shadrach,—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spices; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; skeptical Saul sold silver salvers; selfish Shadrach sold salves, shoe strings, soap, saws, skates; slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son, Samuel, saw Sophia Sofronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sofronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed strolling selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sofronia's society, sang several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs. "Strange Sam should slight such splendid sales! strutting spendthrift! shattered-brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally. "Sam's smitten; Sam's spied some sweetheart."  
"Sentimental school-boy!" snarled Simon. "Smitten! Stop such stuff." Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spoons. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling, Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy. "Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy, so, sonny, stop strolling streets, stop smoking cigars, spending specie superfluously; stop sprucing so; stop singing serenades; see Sophia Sofronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's stable; solicit; sue, secure Sophia speedily, Sam."  
"So soon? so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon, surely," said Sally smilingly; "specially since sire shows such spirits."  
So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquises; "Sophia Sofronia Spriggs,—Short,—Sophia Sofronia Short,—Samuel Short's spouse,—sounds splendid; suppose she should say.—She shan't,—she shan't!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia strolling shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam, she stopped starching, saluting Sam smiling. Sam stammered shockingly.

"Spl-spl-splendid summer season, Sophia."  
"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.  
"Sur-sartin, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds.)

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"  
"Sur sartin," said Sam, starting suddenly.  
"Season's somewhat sudorific," said Sam, stealthily, staunching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartin," said Sophia, smiling significantly.  
"Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam." (Silence sixty-six seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty shell-drakes, Saturday," said Sophia.  
"Sixty? so?" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, specially silencing such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally. "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sofronia Spriggs, strolling serenely; seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling springs shall sing soul-stirring strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighings; super-angelic sylphs shall'—Sophia snickered, so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam, solemnly.  
"Sam," said Sophia.  
"Sophia, stop smilin'." Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia.

Sophia stood silent.  
"Speak, Sophia, speak! such suspense speculates sorrow."  
"Seek sire, Sam, seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs; sire Spriggs said "Sartin."

Rev. Dr. Cramp has kindly sent us the following and offers it for our Youths' Departments. It doubtless contains the germs of all good Letter-writing—whether for juveniles or adults.

A LESSON ON LETTER WRITING.

"Among Robinson's [Rev. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge] most eminent qualities were his didactic talents, as well out of as in the pulpit. He was a great favourite with children. It is many years since I heard the following relation:—

"I went one morning into the house of a friend. The ladies were busy preparing a packet for one of the children at school. Betsy, a little girl between five and six years old, was playing about the room. Robinson came in, when this dialogue followed: Well, Betsy, would not you like to send a letter to Tommy?—B. Yes, I should.—R. Why don't you? B. I can't write.—R. Shall I write for you? B. O yes! I wish you would. R. Well, get me pen, ink, and paper.—The child brought them.—R. Now, it must be your letter. I give you use of my hand; but you must tell me what to say.—B. I don't know.—R. You don't know! though you love your brother so much. Shall I find something for you?—B. O yes! pray do.—R. Well, then, let's see: Dear Tommy.—Last night the house was burnt down from top to bottom.—B. No! don't say that.—R. Why not.—B. 'Cause it is n't true.—R. What! you have learned that you must not write what's not true. I am glad you have learned so much. Stick to it as long as you live. Never write what is not true. But you must think of something that is true. Come, tell me something.—B. I don't know.—R. Let's see.—The kitten has been playing with its tail this quarter of an hour.—B. No, don't write that.—R. Why should not I write that? It's true; I have seen that myself.—B. 'Cause that's silly: Tommy don't want to know anything about the kitten and its tail.—R. Good again: Why, my dear, I see you know a good deal about letter-writing. It is not enough that a thing is true; it must be worth writing about. Do tell me something to say. B. I don't know.—R. Should I write this: You'll be glad to hear that Sammy is quite recovered from the small-pox and come down stairs? B. O yes! do write that.—R. and why should I write that?—B. 'Cause Tommy loves Sammy dearly, and will be so glad to hear he's got well again.—R. Why, Betsy, my dear, you know how to write a letter very well, if you will give yourself a little trouble. Now, what next?"

"This is part of a story told after dinner at the table of the late Mr. Edward Randall, of Cambridge, an old friend of Mr. Robinson, and one of his congregation. I have repeated as much as suits a written communication. A pretty long letter was produced, and the little girl was caressed and praised for knowing so well how to write a letter; for she was made to utter a number of simple truths, such as an infant mind can entertain and reproduce. I re-

collect it was remarked by one of the company, that this little dialogue was in the spirit of Socrates; and it was added by another, what no one disputed, that such an anecdote, embodying such a letter, and found in Xenophon, would have held a prominent place among the Memorabilia. "Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, iii. 339-342.

The Editor adds, in a note, "In repeating the story. H. C. R. represented one of Robert Robinson's suggestions to be: 'Brother—has been very naughty, and would not learn his lesson':—to which the little girl objected that it would be unkind. So the letter was to include nothing unkind."

A PITHY SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.

You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto, self-reliance, honesty, and industry; for your star, faith, perseverance and pluck, and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not."

"Don't take too much advice: keep at the helm and steer your own ship. Strike out. Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice excessive humility; you can't go above your level—put potatoes in a cart over a rough road and the small ones will go to the bottom.

Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that rule the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink; don't smoke; don't swear; don't gamble; don't steal; don't deceive; don't tattle. Be polite; be generous; be kind. Study hard; play hard. Be in earnest; be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellow-men and your God; love truth; love your country and obey the laws; love truth; love virtue. Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the consequences with God.

DIVERSITIES OF GIFTS.

A young lady of rank and piety, in Scotland, wished much to draw others to the Saviour. In the circles where she mingled, it seemed impossible for her to speak for Christ,—to make personal appeals for her Master,—and for a season there was a constant struggle in her mind. Whenever she attempted to utter the constant thought and wish of her heart, the gay laugh, the merry jest, or light and frivolous manner of those about her, blunted every effort. In her discouragement, she laid the matter before the Lord, and then, as usual, closed the day with "sacred song."

Her mind soon after entering, besought the young lady to sing again the words of Jesus; and then, in broken accents, told of the effect of those sweet strains upon her own heart. "No words of entreaty," she said, "could ever so affect my soul as those plaintive songs to which for weeks I had listened, as my mistress poured out in them her love for the Redeemer, and her faith and trust in him."

This was indeed a joyous revelation to the youthful disciple; and so filled with gratitude was she for this discovery, that sleep fled from her eyes. "That talent," she said, "I now consecrate to God. I will sing for him; and if through this means I may touch souls, my happiness will be complete!"

From this period she gave herself almost wholly to the study and expression of sacred melodies. To a skilful touch upon many instruments she added a voice of uncommon pathos and power,—a voice which could entrance and thrill hearers. Ah, what joy now to sing of that wondrous love that had come to save our race—of him who careth for all, who took little children in his arms, and who blessed with peace unutterable aged saints!

"That sweet story of old," seemed through her rendering of its marvelous truths, more potent than the studied pages from the pastor's lips. In drawing-room or hall, or in the cottages of humble friends, she sang for Jesus. The Master blessed her work for him, and before two years had passed away, she had the delight of knowing that many immediately surrounding her had through the gift bestowed by the heavenly Father been led to see their sinfulness, and flee to the Ark of Refuge."

SPEAKING IN MEETING.

Is there not sometimes a mistake made in urging this duty indiscriminately and uncompromisingly upon young converts and church members?

To confess Christ is binding upon us all. To express in the presence of others our decision to be Christians, strengthens our weakness and gives us good vantage ground for our feet. If a man's heart burns with love to Christ, his prayer or word of exhortation springs out with power to kindle other hearts. If he speaks only because it is a duty, does he not fall into a monotonous repetition of words which cease to interpret his own thoughts or express any meaning to others? Does he not persuade himself that he has sustained his Christian character, when he has only administered a sedative to his conscience? Does the unconverted person sitting near him, who listens to the familiar but meaningless harangue and then looks sharply (as such a one will do) into the man's life, feel drawn more strongly towards Christ and the church? Do not honesty and sincerity require a man to speak that which he really knows and

feels, not that which he thinks it would be suitable and proper for him to know and feel on the occasion? Should he speak who has nothing to say? In the attempt to say something, does not one sometimes play false to himself?

The duties of social meetings should be more judiciously enforced. Let the conditions on which the "speaking" rests receive more attention. Let church members be impressed with the duty of having something to say. Let them be urged and helped to have a full heart which seeks utterance, instead of calling forth empty words which lie no deeper than the lips.

A poor illiterate man says something which goes to the heart, because his whole heart is in it, and his sincere life rests behind his words and gives them power. An accustomed talker repeats his stereotyped remarks, and a dead weight falls upon the hearers.

Would it not be well to have inscribed over the door of our prayer rooms, "Have something to say. Say it. Leave off?"—*Advance*

A CUNNING DOG.

There was once a convent in France where poor folks could go to a certain window, and ring a bell for food. Then a little sliding-door was pushed away, and a plate of food thrust out. To spare the feelings of those who came as beggars, the person who put out the food did not look to see who they might be. Over the sliding-door were the French words, *Pour les pauvres*; which mean, 'For the poor.' There was a cunning dog who availed himself of this custom to get a good meal for many days. He would go, when no one was looking, and ring the bell; the plate of food would then be thrust out, and he would clean it off with three or four licks of his big tongue. At last he was found out; but he was thought to be such a clever dog, that he was for a long time allowed to come and ring for his dinner every day.—*Methodist*.

DOMESTIC.

HOW TO WASH SUMMER SUITS.—Summer suits are nearly all made of white or buff linen, pique, cambric, or muslin, and the art of preserving the new appearance after washing is a matter of the greatest importance.

Common washerwomen spoil everything with soda, and nothing is more frequent than to see the delicate tints of lawns and percales turned into dark blotches and muddy streaks by the ignorance and vandalism of a laundress.

It is worth while for ladies to pay attention to this, and insist upon having their summer dresses washed according to the directions which they should be prepared to give their laundress.

In the first place, the water should be tepid, the soap should not be allowed to touch the fabric; it should be washed and rinsed quick, turned upon the wrong side, and hung in the shade to dry, and when starched (in thin boiled but not boiling starch) should be folded in sheets or towels, and ironed upon the wrong side, as soon as possible.

But linen should be washed in water in which hay has been boiled, or a quart of bran. This last will be found to answer for starch as well, and is excellent for print dresses of all kinds, but a handful of salt is very useful also to set the colors of light cambrics and dotted lawns; and a little beef's gall will not only set but heighten yellow and purple tints, and has a good effect upon green.

REMEDY FOR CHAFING.—It is said that nothing is better, as a remedy, and also as a preventive, than a lotion of alum in water. It should be applied with a soft linen or cotton rag at night, before retiring. A piece of alum as large as a hazel-nut, dissolved in half a pint of water, is sufficient. It will quickly heal excoriated skin and harden the unabraded cuticle. The use of this for years with the most beneficial results, is sufficient authority for a trial of this simple remedy. It is good also for tender feet and soft corns.

DIPHTHERIA.—A paper presented to the French Academy of Medicine, asserts that lemon juice is one of the most efficacious medicines which can be applied to diphtheria; and the author relates that when dresser in the hospital, his own life was saved by this timely application. He got three dozen lemons, and gargled his throat with the juice, swallowing a little at the same time, in order to act on the more deep-seated parts. The doctor has noted numerous cases of complete success obtained by this method of treatment.

CURE OF STAMMERING.—The effectual cure mainly depends upon the determination of the sufferer to carry out the following rule: Keep the teeth close together, and before attempting to speak inspire deeply; then give time for quiet utterance, and after very slight practice the hesitation will be relieved. No spasmodic action of the lower jaw must be permitted to separate the teeth when speaking. This plan, regularly carried out for six months, cured me when twenty years old. I was painfully bad, both to myself and to others. Without determination to follow out the plan, it is of no use attempting it.

A case of chronic rheumatism of unusual severity, cured by "Johnson's Anodyne," is noticed by one of our exchanges. A large tumor came out upon the breast of the sufferer, and appeared like part of the breast bone.

The sweetest work in our language is health. At the first indication of disease, use well-known and approved remedies. For dyspepsia or indigestion, use "Parsons' Purgative Pills." For coughs, colds, sore or lame stomach, use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.